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// neare myssy =  
Hapton or Town =  
Ampney in Glouster-  
shire

A Contemplation on Bassets down-  
Hill by the most Sacred adorer  
of the Muses Mr. A. K. Anne Kemp

**I**F that exact Appelles now did live,  
And would a picture of Elizium give;  
He might pourtrai't the prospect which this Hill  
Doth shew; & make the eye command at will.  
Heer's many a shire whose pleasauntness for sight  
Doth yeild to the Spectators great delight.  
Ther's a large Feild guilded with Ceres gold;  
Here a green mead doth many Heifers hold:  
Ther's pasture growne with viridant grass, whose store,  
Of Argent-sheep shewes th' owner is not poore.  
Here springs doe intricate Meanders make  
Excelling farr Oblivion's Lethe Lake.  
There woods and Coppises harbour as many  
And sweet melodious Choristers, as any  
Elizium yeilds; whose Philomel' an lates  
Merit the highest of the Lyrick's praise  
Heer's Flora deck't with robes of Or, and Azur,  
Fragrently smelling yeild's two senses pleasure.

Hence Zephirus doth breath his gentle gales  
Coole on the Hills, and sweet throughout the Vales  
How happy are they that in this Climate dwell?  
Alas! they can't their owne sweet welfare tell;  
Scarce I my selfe whil' st I am here doe know it  
Till I see it's Antithesis to shew it.  
Here are no smoaking streets, nor howling cries,  
Deafning the eares, nor blinding of the eyes;  
No noysome smells & insect, and choacke the aire;  
Breeding diseases envious to the Faire.  
Deceit is here exil'd from Flesh, and Blond:  
( Strife only reigns, for all strive to be good. )  
With Will h' converse I here will make an end  
And as the Crab doth alwaies backward bend  
So, though from this sweet place I goe away  
My loyall heart will in this Climate stay.  
Thus heartlesse, doth my worthless body rest  
Whilest my heart liveth with the ever blest.

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